A lamentable Dittie compoſed vpon the death of

Robert Lord Deuereux late Earle of Eſſex, who was beheaded in the Tower of London, vpon Aſhwedneſday in the morning. 1601.

To the tune of Welladay.

SWeet Englands pride is gone
welladay welladay,
Which makes her ſigh and grone
euermore ſtill:
He did her fame aduance,
In Ireland Spaine and France,
And now by diſmall chaunce,
is from her tane.

He was a vertuous Peere,
welladay welladay,
And was eſteemed deere
euermore ſtill:
He alwaies helpt the poore,
Which makes them ſigh full ſore
his death they doe deplore,
In euery place.

Braue honor grac'd him ſtill
gallantly gallantly,
Neere did deede of ill,
well is it knowne:
But enuie that foule fiend
Whoſe malice ne're hath end,
hath brought true vertues friend
Vnto his thrall.

At Tilt he did ſurpaſſe
gallantly gallantly:
all men that is and was
euermore ſtill:
One day as it was ſeene,
In honour of his Queene,
Such deeds hath ne're been ſeen,
As he did doe.

Abroade and eke at home,
gallantly, gallantly,
For vallour there was none,
like him before:
In Ireland France and Spaine,
(They feared great Eſſex name,
And England lou'd the ſame,
In euery place.

But all would not preuaile
welladay welladay:
His deedes did nought auaile,
more was the pittie:
He was condemn'd to die,
For treaſon certainely,
But God that ſits on hie
Knoweth all things.

That Sunday in the morne,
welladay welladay:
That he to the Cittie came,
with all his troupe:
That firſt began the ſtrife,
And cauſed him looſe his life,
And others did the like,
As well as hee.

Yet her Princely Maieſtie
gratiouſly, gratiouſly,
Hath pardon giuen free
to many of them:
She hath releaſed them quite,
And giuen them their right,
they may pray both day & night
God to defend her.

Thurſdaye in the night
welladay, welladay,
With a heauy harted ſpright
as it is ſayd:
The Leiſtenant of the Tower
Who kept him in his power,
At ten a clocke that hour
To him did come.

And ſayd vnto him there,
mournefully, mournfully,
My Lord you muſt prepare,
to die to morrow:
Gods will be done quoth he,
Yet ſhall you ſtrangely ſee,
God ſtrong in me to be,
Though I am weake.

I pray you pray for me
well day, welladay.
That God may ſtrengthen me,
againſt that houre:
Then ſtraightway did he call,
The Guard vnder the wall,
And did intreate them all
For him to pray.

For to morrow is the day
welladay welladay,
That I the debt muſt pay,
which I doe owe:
It is my life I meane,
Which I muſt pay my Queene,
Euen ſoe hath iuſtice giuen,
That I muſt doe.

In the morning was he brought,
welladay welladay:
Where a Scaffold was ſet vp,
within the Tower:
Many Lords were preſent then,
With other Gentlemen,
Which were appointed then
For him to die.

You noble Lords quoth he
welladay welladay,
That muſt the witneſſe be,
of this my death:
Know I neuer loued Papiſtrye,
But did it ſtill deſpye,
And Chriſt thus did dye,
Heere in this place.

I haue a ſinner been
welladay welladay:
Yet neuer wrong'd my Queene
in all my life,
My God I did offend,
Which grieues me at my end,
May all the reſt amend,
I doe forgiue them.

To the ſtate I ne're ment ill
welladay, welladay.
Neither wiſht the commons ill
in all my life:
But lourd all with my heart,
And alwaies tooke their part,
Whereas there was deſert,
In any place.

Then mildely did he craue
mournefully mournefully,
He might that fauour haue
priuate to pray:
He then prayed heartily,
And with great feruency,
To God that ſits on hie,
For to receiue him.

And then he prayed againe
mournefully mournefully,
God to preſerue his Queene
from all her foes:
And ſend her long to raigne,
True Juſtice to maintaine,
And not to let proude Spaine,
Once to offend her.

His gowne he ſlipt off then
welladay welladay,
And put off his hat and band
and hung it by,
Praying ſtill continually,
To God that ſits on hie,
That he might patiently,
There ſuffer death.

My headeſman that muſt be,
then ſaid he cheerefullie,
Let him come heere to me,
That I may him ſee:
Who kneeled to him then,
Art thou (quoth he) the man,
Which art appointed now,
my life to free.

Yes my Lord did he ſay
welladay, welladay,
Forgiue me I you pray
for this your death:
I heare you chief haue,
And may true iuſtice liue,
No foule crime to forgiue,
Within their place.

Then he kneeled downe againe,
mournefully mournefully:
And was required by ſome
there ſtanding by:
To forgiue his enemies,
Before death cloſde his eyes,
Which he did in heartie wiſe,
Thanking them for it:

That they would remember him
welladay, welladay:
That he might forgiue all them,
that had him wrong'd:
Now my Lords I take my leaue
Sweet Chriſt my ſoule receiue,
Now when you will I prepare,
For I am readie.

He laide his head on the blocke,
welladay welladay:
But his doublet did let the ſtroke
ſome there did ſay:
What muſt be done (quoth he)
Shall be done preſently,
Then his doublet off put hee,
and laye downe againe.

Then his headeſman did his
cruelly, cruelly, (part
He was neuer ſeene to ſtart,
For all the brewes:
His ſoule it is at reſt,
in heauen among the bleſt,
Where God ſend vs to reſt,
When it ſhall pleaſe him.

God ſaue the King.

FINIS.

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